

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. There they be, that dare and will disturb thee: Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled; And heere pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Countermen, will ye relent And yeeld to mercy, whilst 'tis offered you; Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths, Who loues the King, and will embrace his pardon, Fling vp his cap, and say, God saue his Maiesty. Who hateth him, and honors not his Father, Henry the fift, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so braue? And you base Pezants, do ye beleue him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke. I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out these Armes til you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to liue in slauerie to the Nobility. Let them breake your backs with burthens, take your houses ouer your heads, rauish your Wiues and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so Gods Curse light vpon you all.

All. Wee'll follow *Cade*,
Wee'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the sonne of Henry the fift, That thus you do exclaime you'll go with him. Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too: Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile, Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs. Wer't not a shame, that whilst you liue at iarre, The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you? Me thinkes already in this ciuill broyle, I see them Lording it in London streets, Crying *Villago* vnto all they meete. Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miscarry, Then you should stoope vnto a Frenchmans mercy. To France, to France, and get what you haue lost: Spare England, for it is your Native Coast: Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly: God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
Wee'll follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too & fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hailes them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leaue mee desolate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying: in despite of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie midst of you, and heauens and honor be witnesse, that no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to my heeles.

Buc. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him, And he that brings his head vnto the King, Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Exit some of them.

Follow me souldiers, wee'll deuise a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerset on the Tarras.

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne, And could command no more content then I? No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle, But I was made a King, at nine months olde. Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King, As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty.
King. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter Multitudes with Halts about their Neckes.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld, And humbly thus with halts on their neckes, Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen set ope thy euermlasting gates, To entertaine my vowes of thanks and praise, Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues, And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Country. Continue still in this so good a minde, And Henry though he be unfortunate, Assure your selues will neuer be vnkinde: And so with thanks, and pardon to you all, I do dismisse you to your feuerall Countries.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be aduertised, The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland, And with a puissant and a mighty power Of Gallow-glasse and stout Kernes, Is marching hither ward in proud array, And still proclaimeth as he comes along, His Armes are onely to remoue from thee The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and Yorke distrest.

Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest, Is straight way calme, and boarded with a Pyrate. But now is *Cade* driuen backe, his men dispierc'd, And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him. I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him, And aske him what's the reason of these Armes: Tell him, Ile send Duke Edmund to the Tower, And Somerset we will commit thee thither, Vntill his Army be dismist from him.

Somerset. My Lord, Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly, Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes, For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale, As all things shall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better, For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

Flourish.

Exit.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions: sic on my selfe, that haue a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five daies haue I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might haue a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I haue bene dry, & brauely marching, it hath seru'd me in steede of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet must serue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court, And may enioy such quiet walkes as these? This small inheritance my Father left me, Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.

I seeke not to waxe great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy:

Sufficieth, that I haue maintaines my state, And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leaue. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be, I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to breake into my Garden, And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my walles inspight of me the Owner, But thou wilt braue me with these sawcie termes?

Cade. Braue thee? I by the best blood that euer was broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue eate no meate these five dayes, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore naille, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands, That Alexander Iden an Esquire of Kent, Tooke odds to combate a poore famisht man.

Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine, See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks:

See limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:

Thy hand is but a finger to my fist.

Thy legge a stickie compared with this Truncheon, My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast,

And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre, Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth:

As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words, Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the most compleate Champion that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chins of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnails.

Heere they Fight.

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten

thousand diuelles come against me, and giue me but ten meales I haue lost, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the vnconquered soule of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I haue slaine, that monstrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede, And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.

Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point,

But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate,

To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.

Cade. Iden farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any, am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour.

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heauen be my iudge; Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

So with I, I might thrust thy soule to hell.

Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles

Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy graue,

And there cut off thy most vngracious head,

Which I will beare in triumph to the King,

Leauing thy trunke for Crowes to feed vpon.

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Irish, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes Yorke to claim his right, And plucke the Crowne from feeble *Henries* head.

Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright

To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.

Ah *Sancta Maestas!* who would not buy thee deere?

Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.

This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.

I cannot giue due action to my words,

Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.

A Scepter shall it haue, haue I a soule,

On which Ile tesse the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to disturb me?

The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.

Buc. Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well.

Yor. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buc. A Messenger from Henry, our dread Liege,

To know the reason of these Armes in peace.

Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am,

Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworn,

Should raise so great a power without his leaue?

Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?

Yor. Scarce can I speake, my Choller is so great:

Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint,

I am so angry at these abiect tearmes.

And now like *Ajax Telamonius*,

On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie, well:

I am farre better borne then is the king,

More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts,

But I must make faire weather yet a while,

Till Henry be more weake, and I more strong.

Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,

That I haue giuen no answer all this while:

My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.

The cause why I haue brought this Armie hither,